

1876

A ROD for
Tunbridge Beaus,
Bundl'd up at the Request of the
Tunbridge Ladies,
T O
Firk FOOLS into more Wit,
A N D
CLOWNS into more Manners.

A Burlesque P O E M.

*To be Publish'd every Summer, as long as the
Rakes continue their Rudeness, and the Gentry
their Vertue.*

L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be Sold by the Booksellers
of *London* and *Westminster*, 1701.

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Cambridge Beans

Bundled up at the Request of the

Cambridge Ladies

TO

Five FOOLS into more Wit

AND

CLowns into more Manners

A Bachelors P.O.E.M.

To be published every summer, as long as the
Rats continue their Rats, and the Gentry
their Vices.

LONDON

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of London and all other places.

A ROD for
Tunbridge Beaus,

Bundl'd up at the Request of the

TUNBRIDGE Ladies, &c.

IN the dull Time of long *Vacation*,
 When each Man seeks his Recreation,
 And to some Rural place resorts,
 To save his Pence, or mind his Sports.
 When Vintners let their Drawers rest,
 And grow more humble to their Guest.
 When Whores and Lawyers share one Fate,
 And all the Town looks desolate :
 When ev'ry Village on the *Thames*,
 Is cram'd with City-Beaus and Dames,
 And Vintners send their burly Spouses
 To *Hampsted*, to their Country Houses :
 When the big Quality from Court,
 To *Tunbridge*, or the *Bath* resort,
 And all Mankind that are at leisure,
 Pursue some distant Rural pleasure.

'Twas then that I amongst the rest,
 Sought with retirement to be blest,
 And to repair distemper'd Nature,
 Would rince my Guts with *Tunbridge* Water.
 By th' help of Horses nimble Heels,
 I pac'd and gallop'd to the Wells,
 Where I expected I should find
 Diversions grateful to my mind,
 And that there would these Comforts be,
 Good Usage, and good Company.
 Instead of these, my Muse declare,
 The Follies that I met with there:
 Ne'er blacken or debase the matter;
 Tell truth, it needs no other Satyr.
 Let no Dislike thy Envy raise,
 To lessen what deserves thy praise;
 Nor be misled by Fear or Love,
 To flatter what thou shoudst reprove:
 Commend the Good, and Scourge the Evil,
 So speak the Truth, and shame the Devil.

The Place, in part, by Nature's blest.
 What's wanting Art supplies the rest;
 Commodious Buildings, where the Great
 May dwell in their accustom'd State,
 And pleasant Lodgings well design'd,
 For all Degrees of Human Kind;
 Good Wine and Food of ev'ry sort,
 Nor do you pay profusely for't;

Game,

Game, for the Sports-man in the Fields;
 There's no Diversion but it yields :
 For Ladies pleasant VValks and Groves,
 VVhere Ring-Doves murmur out their Loves;
 And by their Choosing strike the fence
 At once with Love and Innocence.
 For Bowlers smooth and pleasant Greens,
 For other Gamsters other Means;
 As the Oak, Billiards, Cards and Dice,
 For ev'ry Fancy some Device,
 And to those Pleasures you may join,
 Good Musick, Dancing, and good VVine;
 Fine Beauties to delight your Eyes,
 Some vertuous, and some otherwise.

The better Rank that here resort,
 From Country, City, or from Court,
 Are pester'd with a foppish Crew,
 Dispis'd by all, but known to few;
 Some from the *Divels Arse-i'th'Peak*,
 As wild and wicked as *Old Nick*,
 VVhose fam'd Exploits I will recite,
 To do the vertuous Gentry right;
 The VVorld true Quality may know,
 From that vain Fool the upstart *BEAU*.

The sober Gentry that appear,
 And resort Annually here,
 VVhose Noble Grandure truly grace,
 And add a Lustre to the Place,

B

Are

Are num'rous, each of good Estate,
 By Birth and Education Great.
 The Men are Generous and free,
 Abounding with Civility.
 Respectful and obliging Friends,
 To all who Merit recommends ;
 Kind Patrons, and a sure defence,
 To Vertue, Wit and Innocence.

The Female Train appear so bright,
 The World scarce needs another Light,
 Their darling starry Eyes do even,
 Out-shine the milky way of Heaven.
 Their Beauty so divinely sweet,
 Subdues each stubborn Heart they meet,
 And makes the gazing Youth to fall
 A Victim, not to One but All :
 Each lovely Face so wounds his Breast,
 He knows not which to like the best,
 But finds as he the Train surveys,
 In ev'ry Nymph a killing Grace,
 Who by their free yet awful Mein,
 Disclose the Vertues lodg'd within ;
 Which stifle ev'ry vain Desire,
 In those who do their Charms admire,
 That none dare wish above a Kiss,
 Or think of any further Bliss ;
 So God-like do they move the Sence,
 To vertuous Love and Reverence.

Fall, Muse, from thy ambitious flight,
 Hover no more round Beauty's Light,
 Lest its bright flame thy Wings should scorch,
 Like Bats that sport about a Torch :
 Awake, no longer must thou dream
 On Beauty, that delightful Theme ;
 But must from thence descend so low,
 As to depict a *Tunbridge* BEAU.
 Those self-admiring Fops that hate,
 All that is Generous, Good or Great ;
 Those Pole-cats sweeten'd by Perfumes,
 Those Owls disguis'd in Peacock's plumes,
 Whom Nature angry brought to Light,
 Not to her Power show, but Spight.

The first of these is dubb'd a *SIR*,
 And bears the following Character,
 Both *Rake* and *Clown* quite void of Sence,
 At *Nine-pins* lies his Excellence ;
 He out-bowls most that use the Place,
 And Tips *All-Nine* with such a grace,
 No Smith, or Porter, you can send-him,
 Dare at this noble Game contend-him.
 At *Trap-ball* too he plays most finely,
 And handles Cat-stick so devinely,
 The Ladies all admire him for't,
 And deem him Pindar of the Sport :
 When with his Knife he's dug a Hole,
 And pois'd his Raifer with his Ball ;

Here

Here goes, says he, and if I like it,
 And very rarely fails to strike it ;
 Then hits a Hop too most exceeding,
 And this is chiefest of his Breeding.
 It's true he can at *Cricket* play,
 With any living at this day :
 And fling a *Coit*, or toss a *Bar*,
 With any Driver of a Car :
 But *Little Nine-pins* and *Trap-ball*,
 The Knight delights in most of all,
 Conceiving like a prudent Man,
 The other might his Honour stain,
 So scorns to let the Publick see,
 He should degrade his Quality.

So pritty-fac'd that every Feature,
 Seems a meer miracle of Nature ;
 His Cheeks and Forehead lye as flat,
 As an old Oval Dial-plate :
 His Nose, indeed, bespeaks him *Roman*,
 But stands exactly like a *Gnomon*,
 That when the Sun shines fairly forth,
 And if he turns his Back to th' North,
 The Ladies can discern, they say,
 The very Minute of the Day,
 And find his Phiz as little vary,
 As any pocket Watch they carry.

Who likes him, must take pains to woo him,
 For Ladies are obnoxious to him ;

He

He loves his homely Self too well,
 To think their Charms his own excel ;
 For Fools are always most Conceited,
 And Folks deform'd Opiniated.
 The pow'r of Beauty he defies,
 His Thoughts to Love could never rise ;
 Yet to show Nature will prevail,
 That steers all Creatures by the Tail,
 He has a beastly Carnal Itch,
 To *Orange Betty's* common Br—ch ;
 And there we'll leave the Country-Looby,
 To mend the *Beau*, and mar the *Booby*.

A *Dubb'd CIT* next, a great Engager,
 In Gaming, Merchandise and Wager,
 Upon the Stage must play his part,
 And show his Courage, and his Art :
 Altho' but *Worshipful* his Title,
 Which for his Soul is much too little,
 He dare to do (I'll make it good)
 What Men of *Honour* only shou'd,
 The World shall see a City Knight,
 As well as Play, can sometimes Fight :

It happen'd on a gloomy Day,
 When *Coley's Almanack* does say,
 Some angry Planet rul'd the Roast,
 And threatned mischief to our Coast ;
 When whistling Winds, and fullen Sky,
 Portended some sad Fray was nigh :

Sir *Harry Querk* to Dice b'ing given,
 Regarding not th' ill-boding Heaven,
 To hazard went, as we suppose,
 To *Win*, altho' it prov'd to *Lose*,
 When he had long blind Fortune try'd,
 And could not gain her on his side,
 Which shows he must be wise for certain,
 For Fools we know have always Fortune.
 Sometimes he Curs'd, then pray'd the Dame;
 But to his Aid she never came.
 As Sailers tumbling in bad Weather,
 Mix always Oaths and Pray'rs together:
 Still on he play'd, till burly *Doc*,
 The fietting angry Knight had broke,
 Who bit his Thumbs, and went away,
 Cursing th' ill Fortune of the day:
 Thus Gamsters when their Hopes are crost,
 And all their ready Cash is lost,
 Have no way left to ease their mind,
 But belch their Passions to the Wind.
 Altho' the Knight does disappear,
 The whole Transaction ends not here,
 For, lo, there quickly follow'd after,
 A Tragick Comedy worth laughter:
DOC, the great Patron of the Place,
 B'ing proudly flush'd with this Success
 Reflected, being a Man well mettled,
 Upon the absent Knight he'd nettled,
 Who, by good Fortune, he had broken,
 And homewards sent without a Token;

Yet

Yet suffer'd his unthankful mouth,
 To Scandalize him with the Truth,
 And all Men know a true Reflection
 Sticks close, and is the worst Detraction :
 These Words he spoke, which some may judge,
 Arose from some old Peek or Grudge :
 But others think, to mend the matter,
 Rather from Folly, or Ill-nature,
 Says he, *the Bragadocia Knight,*
To pay his Debts would do more right,
Than to come hither like a Tony,
And push off such a Sum of Mony,
Whilst his poor Creditors at London,
For want of it are almost undone.
 At this a Knight of no small Honour,
 Hating Affronts in this gross manner,
 Cast on a Man of Worth not near,
 To in his own defence appear :
 Says he, *remember Master Burly,*
That bites so sharp, and looks so surly ;
What ever envious Words you spake,
Behind a Man of Honour's back,
His Reputation can't asperce,
They reach no further than his Arse ;
Besides ingratfully you use-him,
To win his Gold, and then abuse-him.
 This gave no way for other Words,
 Nor had they room to draw their Swords :
 But DOC as furious as Old Nic,
 Grasp'd mutton-fist on Candlestick,

But

And flung it with his utmost might,
 But miss'd Sir Buck—the worthy Knight,
 And with a Blow would stun an Ox,
 Knock'd down the Keeper of the Box ;
 Who rising from beneath the Table,
 And peeping up as soon as able ;
 Cry'd out, with bloody Head, half slain,
 Z—nds, Sir, you sling a cursed Main ;
 If you Throw on I'm sure I'll stand-out,
 For me, the Devil Set your Hand-out.
 Sure n'er was such a generous thing,
 To pay the Box first time you sling :
 I wish, kind Sir, as God shall save me,
 You'd kept what you so freely gave me ;
 The thumping Gift methinks was fitter,
 For him that has deserv'd it better :
 But, after all, I hope my Master,
 Remembers what deserves a Plaster.
 Thus the poor Suff'rer kept a mumbling,
 But few had time to mind his grumbling,
 The Company b'ing most engag'd,
 To pacify the Two enrag'd ;
 Who after many bitter Words,
 And mutual Offers at their Swords ;
 By Friends on both sides interceding,
 Both Hero's sav'd themselves from Bleeding ;
 Like Christians did their Passions smother,
 And Friendship vow'd to one another :
 So Lovers when they once fall out,
 And at each other snarl and pout ;

When

When once their Gall and Passion's o'er,
Love ten times better than before.

But notwithstanding these were Friends,
A further danger still attends,
For Murder, or at least Man-slaughter,
Was likely to have prov'd hereafter,
Between Sir Harry so misus'd,
And Doc that had his Fame abus'd,
And that they both were Men of Honour,
I'll show you in the following manner.

Next Morning when the Sun shone bright,
And was at least five hours height,
When the Well-Walks were full they knew,
Of Ladies, Lords, and God knows who ;
The Combatants amongst the rest
Were met, tho' some do think in Jest ;
Yet both, a Man may safely swear,
To save themselves in earnest were :
But thus the mighty Fight begun,
And ended was almost as soon ;
Sir Harry first gave Sword-man's Law,
And bid his Adversary draw,
Saying Sir, *for your base detraction,*
Give me immediate Satisfaction,
Or else before all People present,
I'll spit you like a Lark or Pheasant.
With that the adverse Hero drew,
And tilted like I know not who :

For

D

Each

Each for his safty travers'd round,
 And like skill'd Fencers chang'd their Ground ;
 Right equal was their stout Behaviour,
 Begging a clear Stage, and no favour :
 Sometimes they wou'd advance flap-dash,
 So near their very Swords would clash ;
 And then confus'd 'twixt Death and Anger,
 Jump back for fear of further danger.
 The Ladies at the dreadful fight,
 Ran squeaking from 'em in a fright,
 Which sad surprize did cause the Water,
 To bravely pass both ways soon a'ter.
 The Gentlemen that knew 'em better
 Stood off, and some began to titter ;
 Tho' had it been their Case 'tis very
 Like they'd not have been so merry.
 When for some time they'd push'd and parry'd,
 And neither, God be prais'd, miscarry'd,
 Both equal Courage thus exerting,
 And finding little hopes of parting,
 Sir Harry as he back was steping,
 Happen'd to tumble at a Peppin ;
 The Apple flung him on his back,
 So hard, it made his Shoulders crack ;
 No wonder such a trifling thing,
 The Hero to the Ground should bring,
 Since the Forbidden Fruit we find,
 Was once the Fall of all Mankind.
 At this the Gentry ran to Guard,
 The fallen Victim from the Sword ;

Each

For

For who knows how far Rage might carry,
 A furious Conqu'ring Adversary,
 If not to Kill, perhaps to Wound,
 The helpless Hero on the Ground:
 But those that had the Action seen,
 Like tender Christians stepping in,
 Timely by their kind Aid prevented,
 VVhat Mischiefs both might have lamented.
 Thus prudent Men of Honour knew well,
 A publick Place is best for Duel,
 VVhat's done in fight o'th' VVorld does shew,
 They're not asham'd of what they do:
 Indeed 'tis fit in such a Fray,
 Some Standers-by should see fair play,
 That neither after a foul manner,
 Should rob his Foe of Life or Honour:
 Besides we cannot but confess,
 It makes the Danger somewhat less,
 And what brave Hero would be willing,
 To barely Fight for sake of Killing?

VVhen both their Courage thus had try'd,
 And each himself had Justify'd,
 Saving their Honour, and their Blood,
 As Christian Adversaries shou'd,
 Some Friends with fair prevailing Words,
 Engag'd them both to sheath their Swords,
 And then with painful Intercession,
 Made 'em good Friends in spite of Passion.

Thus

Thus was the prudent Hero's strife,
 Like that between a Man and's Wife,
 Not fight that either should be slain,
 But Quarrel to be Friends again.

Next these Beau *Curfitor* succeeds,
 Of equal Fame for Gallant Deeds,
 Who we (like what he files) may Call,
 In Lewdness an Original :
 His Courage does all Men defy,
 And is as stately as he's high ;
 His Calves so small, and Smalls so great,
 His Back so slender, and so straight,
 So thin and tall, that, on my Soul,
 A Traytor's head upon a Pole,
 Drest up with Art would make a show,
 Just like the Long-leg'd meagre Beau ;
 His Clothes so hang upon his Back,
 At best he looks but like a Rake,
 And in a Peas-field would be taken,
 By Country-Wenches, for *Beau-Mauken* :
 Since here you have his Picture right,
 Drawn to the Life in *black* and *white*,
 We'll now proceed to show his Prowess,
 Occasion'd by a Fidler's *Chlois*.

A Tickler of harmonious Strings,
 Who sometimes Scrapes, and sometimes Sings,
 By the sweet Musick of his Fiddle,
 His merry Cant, and taking Whedle,

So

So well his am'rous part he plaid,
 As to enchant, some say, a Maid ;
 But whether she be so or not,
 And does already know *what's what*,
 No matter if it should be so,
 She's but the fitter for his Bow ;
 For if by chance he should be Cozen'd,
 His Bow will be the better rozen'd ;
 Besides his Case won't prove so bad,
 For many a Man that thinks he had
 First handling of his Doxy's Crooper,
 Has had a butter'd Bun for Supper.

Beau *Cursitor* well freight with Clarret,
 The Fumes of which had climb his Garret,
 Who at such times takes wondrous pains,
 To show 'tis furnish'd with no Brains :
 Thus soundly pickled in *French* Juice,
 He staggers to the Damsel's House,
 Where Wine and English Liquores brew'd
 Of Malt, were Sold for humane Good,
 Which drew the Rural Slaves from Plough,
 From treading Hey and Barly-Mow,
 And Swains and Shepherds from their Herds,
 With sun-burnt Looks, and bristled Beards,
 To wet their Whistles with her Liquor,
 And make their heavy Souls the quicker.
 A Croud of these were got together,
 With Faces tan'd like Bullocks leather,
 Roaring out Country-Songs and Catches,
 Over their belly Jugs and Gotches ;

E

Sometimes

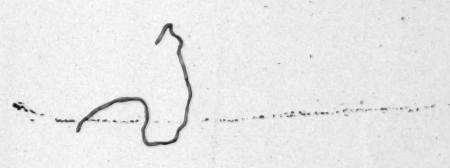
Sometimes the *Children in the Wood*
 Was sung, till some both Cry'd and Spew'd ;
 And then the *Pie sat on the Pear-tree*,
 Was bawl'd so loud it wou'd have scar'd-ye,
 And when that good old Ditty's done,
 The *Fox, we'll Catch him Boys anon.*
 As they were thus in merry mood,
 Consuming Malt for th' publick Good,
 The Fidler (nay, but hold a little,
 I should have found some other Title ;
 However pardon me this time,
 And when 'twill fairly come in Rhime,
 I'll make amends, and with submission,
 Will call you by and by Musician)
 Was Courting in a Room hard by,
 Dandling his Mistress on his thigh,
 And to engage her fickle Mind,
 Was singing, *Oh, my dear by kind.*
 Whilst all thus merrily were sporting,
 Some Drinking, Singing, and some Courting,
 Who should step Drunk into the Hall,
 But long-leg'd Beau Original,
 Who we, to make the Rhime concur,
 Do sometimes call *Beau Cursitor* ;
 For Rhime delights some Readers better
 By half, than Reason does in Metor ;
 Besides, 'twill tickle these my Rakes,
 And cure the Wounds my Satyr makes :
 Yet has it a tormenting Force,
 And makes 'em, tho' it heals, smart worse.

So

So *Indian* Planters when they Scourge,
 Those Slaves that do their anger urge,
 With Brine they vex their wounded Hides,
 Which heals, but yet torments their Sides.

The Beau when in the tipling Mansion,
 Began to sow a sad dissention,
 For seeing poor *Crowdero* sitting,
 With's Mistress on his knee a Knitting,
 And being hot with Wine and Lust,
 Toth' Fidlers *Phillis* swore he must;
Must you, says she, *pray, what d'ye mean?*
 With that he swore he must again;
 And with his Rudder in his hand,
 Tho' neither able were to stand,
 He staggering steer'd his drunken Vessel,
 And with the Dame began to wrestle,
 Would ravish her in that same place,
 He swore, before her Sweet-heart's face;
 The Fidler who began to pout,
 Was angry to some Tune no doubt,
 But for some Reasons you must know it,
 He did not care, or dare to show it,
 But stood with patience to behold,
 His Rival with his Love so bold,
 VWho with a ravishing Intent,
 Show'd his harmonious Instrument,
 Threat'ning to split the Case i' th' middle,
 VWhich was design'd for *Crowdo's* Fiddle.

The



The Dame a stranger to such ludeness,
 Swore she would stick him for his rudeness;
 But he reply'd, 'twas Nature's duty,
 For him to stick her for her Beauty;
 The Dame cry'd, *Help*; he cry'd, *Have at-her*,
 The Clowns came in to know the matter,
 And se'ng him use the Lass so rudely,
 They swore they'd knock him down by Godly:
 Says one, *Ads-heart*, I prithee Neighbour,
 Lug out thy Knife, 'tis worth thy labour;
 Look on yon nasty dangling Gut,
 That hangs, shame on't, so basely out;
 Let's take 'en aff, 'twill cool his Blood,
 Such proud Flesh does the Mon no good.
 VVith that the Fidler stept between,
 Obstructing their intended Scene,
 Or in their Liquor f'r ought we know,
 They'd made an Eunoch of the Beau:
 The VVoman too in mighty fear,
 Cry'd out, vwhen see the Knife appear,
 For God-sake Neighbours don't unman-him,
 Twill make all Woman-kind disdain-him,
 When once he's Gelt you've quite undone-him,
 They'll loo their very Dogs upon him,
 And bait the Gelding with more vigour,
 Then Butchers do Bull, Bear, or Tyger;
 Besides, suppose he should be Marry'd,
 His Wife had rather see him bury'd,
 Then so ill serv'd, and why should she,
 For his lude Deeds a Suff'rer be;

*It needs must torment any Woman,
To have a Spouse, a Man and No-man,
Therefore some pitty on him take,
And spare him now for Woman's sake.*

The Beau thus fearing to be Gelt,
His very Guts began to melt,
And dripping down into his Breeches,
The thiner part came thro' the stitches:
The Rusticks when the Beau they see,
In such a stinking Agonie,
Thus sadly frightened at the danger,
They laugh'd, and so appeas'd their anger,
Whilst he with very fear alone,
As sober as a Judge was grown,
And humbly beg'd the Damsel's goodness,
To pardon all his drunken rudness,
Not thro' a serious detestation
Of th' Ill, but fear and consternation;
For when the merry Rural Neighbours,
Were reel'd home to their several Labours,
He then began again to vapour,
Revenging all upon the Scraper;
And after he had been thus rude,
To black'n it with Ingratitude,
He beats and breaks poor Gamut's Noddle,
Who just before had sav'd his Doodle.
When he this noble Act had done,
With Vict'ry flush'd away he run,
Who scarce before durst face a Kitten,
And never fought but always beaten.

Next Morn the Beau at *Wells* appear'd,
 Amongst the rest of th' foppish Herd ;
Crowdero had his Suff' rings told,
 To his own Brother stout and bold,
 A Master of the String and Bow,
 But came not there his Skill to show,
 Who scorn'd to play in publick manner,
 But was a Fidler of some Honour,
 Who angry such ill Usage shou'd,
 Be offer'd to his Flesh and Blood,
 Advanc'd, and boldly ask'd the Beau,
 What made him Beat his Brother so,
 Who did from Knife and Violence free,
 His Label of Mortality.
Sirrah, reply'd the angry Beau,
You are a Fidler too I know,
 Then lent poor *Sola* such a Wherrit,
 That prov'd quite Discord to his Spirit,
 Who eager to revenge the stroke,
 That would a Coward's Soul provoke,
 His Passion grown so very fierie,
 Now rais'd at least to *Alamire*,
 In the Beau's face his head he flung,
 And struck the Champion all along,
 Who was so stun'd with Blow and Fall,
 As if nock'd down with Cannon Ball ;
 The Foe with Courage still pursu'd,
 Th' advantage as a Boxer shou'd,
 And made the Beau at last Cry out,
Pray, Sir, be merciful as stout ;

Tear

*Tear not my Whig for Heaven's sake,
 Because 'twas Monsieur Dally's make ;
 And I beseech you spare my Face,
 For 'tis my only Market-place.*

The Beaus that were before at distance,
 Came now to Brother Fop's assistance,
 Fell nobly on the Conqueror,
 And bravely kick'd him like a Cur,
 Loo'd on their Liv'ry-hounds, and set-a
 Whole Pack of Dogs on poor Sonata,
 Who else 'tis verily supposen,
 Had beat of Beaus at least a Dozen :
 They kick'd him, punch'd him, stamp'd his Belly,
 And almost beat him to a Jelly ;
 Such Valour sure was never seen,
 In gallant Heroes, and their Men,
 That Twenty odd bold Champions shou'd,
 Without the loss of Limb or Blood,
 Be almost one poor Fidler's death,
 And maul him, nay, in spight of's teeth ;
 Who tho' he bid such stout defiance,
 They laid him on like any Gyants,
 And would have kill'd him on the spot,
 As many warlike Heroes thought ;
 But that a Coffee-man came by,
 And sav'd him by a fresh supply,
 The Beaus however kept the Field,
 And made their bloody Victim yield,
 And after this most glorious manner,
 Rais'd to themselves immortal Honour.

The

The Beaus that did in chief appear,
 And signaliz'd their Valour here,
 Some I already have set forth,
 And now I'll show the others worth,
 For all great Deeds should be Rewarded,
 And in the Books of Fame recorded.

Beau *Archwag* next in place succeeds,
 A following Fop that never leads,
 But will int' any Mischief enter,
 If others but before him venture;
 Na, dare to take a Bear by th' Tooth,
 If any'll open but his Mouth,
 Or send a Challenge to a Cow'd,
 That he's first sure won't draw a Sword :
 Nay, take a Scoundrel by the Nose,
 If serv'd so first by other Beaus;
 Or Kick a Rascal off the Walks,
 Foot-ball'd before by fifty Folks,
 And dare to half a Man defy,
 That's if *Beau Cursitor* be by,
 And 'twixt 'em both perhaps out-banter,
 Some demi-hearted Bully-Ranter ;
 Tho' both at once were Cuff'd and Cow'd,
 By a poor Tickler of a Crowd,
 Who in the Dancing-Room attack'd 'em,
 And before all the Ladies thwack'd 'em,
 The Musick still kept playing on,
 Till both were beaten to some tune,
 VVhich makes the Beaus e'er since hate Fidlers,
 As bad as Country-Dogs do Pedlers.

This

This famous *Archway* you must know,
 VVas bred a home-spun Rural Beau ;
 For Country-Beaus are now as Common,
 As Looby-Clowns, or Booby-Yeomen ;
 He does a good Estate inherit,
 Which came by Birth, and not by Merit,
 And chiefly when at Home converses,
 With Setting-Spaniels, Hounds and Horses,
 But when abroad, the time he passes
 Away with hare-brain'd Fools and Asses :
 His Dress is very Nice and fine,
 Yet fits like Saddle on a Swine,
 And nothing can delight him more,
 Than kicking some Inferiour ;
 So to his rakish Sports we'll leave him,
 Till Time and Age shall undeceive him.

Next these Fop *Pout-mouth* comes in show,
 A flap Chap'd, round Back'd *City-Beau*,
 Who by his Foot-men fights and rattles,
 Kept lusty for their Master's battles ;
 Am'rous he is, but can't attack,
 For want of Sense, above a Hack :
 He would make Love, but knows not how,
 But by his Liv'ry-Coach and Bow,
 And thinks to charm the beauteous Sex,
 By haughty Struts, and monkey Tricks ;
 But all his Grandure, and his Pride,
 Have shot their roving Darts so wide,
 That with his utmost foppish Art,
 He ne'er could wound one Female heatt,

G

And

And is so noted for a Fool,
 He's ev'ry Lady's redicule ;
 His Cheeks so fleshy, plump and round,
 No Trumpeter that strains to sound,
 Can show ye such a foot-ball Face,
 That Swells, or Pouts, with such a Grace ;
 Some think the pretty plump-Cheek'd Baby,
 A wet Nurse all his life has lay-by,
 And do with some assurance say,
 He sucks a Bubby to this day,
 Which puts his Face in such a trim,
 Just like a painted Cherubim :
 We'll leave the Pigs-nies at the Nipple,
 To tug and play, suck Bub and tipple,
 In few Years more he'll sure disdain
 His Childish Tricks, and prove a Man.

Stand by, ye foppish Rakes make room,
 And let *Beau Cherry* timely come,
 To show his Tulip Cheeks o'er-spread
 With Lilly-white, and Rosy-red ;
 Wheter laid on by Art or Nature,
 To add a lustre to his Feature,
 Is often on the Walks disputed ;
 But for my part I'm quite confuted,
 That the Gay vain blaspheming Fool,
 Is much oblig'd to Spanish-Wooll,
 White-washes, Powder and Pomatim,
 Which makes the Fair despise and hate 'im,
 He's wondrous Witty, but his Jest
 Are on the Scriptures, or the Priests ;

Religion

Religion he, in gross, denies,
 Thinks to be wicked's to be wise,
 And in his Banter often jossles
 Juglers together with Apostles ;
 Upbraids 'em with their Boats and Nets,
 And calls the holy Martyrs Cheats ;
 No diff'rence makes 'twixt Good and Evil,
 But ranks together Saint and Devil ;
 Fancies Earth, Heav'n and all Mankind,
 Blow'd into Form by some strange Wind,
 And that each distant glorious Light,
 That makes the Day, and Rules the Night,
 Are but Reflections, f'r ought we know,
 Of Links and Flamboys here below :
 Rare Theory had it learned Legs,
 Twould addle sure all B—r—t's Eggs,
 And prove by new Philosophie,
 The World could not Ovip'rous be.

The Chapel Clark in humble manner,
 Came one day to entreat his Honour,
 Like others of the Congregation,
 To give the Priest some small Donation :
 The Beau to show his Wit was great,
 Reply'd, *My Friend, thou'rt come too late ;*
I've been so wicked, that I know,
My Soul's Convicted long ago,
Therefore no Coin shall I disburfs'd,
To save a Soul already Curs'd.
 So farewell thou blaspheming Tony,
 Who damn'd thy self to save thy Mony.

Beau

Beau *Catch-fart*, of a Pigmy Race,
 Must next my Muses Song disgrace ;
 That little Hop upon my Thumb,
 No higher than a Lady's Bum ;
 That low unmanlike human Creature,
 At biggest but of Babboon stature ;
 That Fig-leaf for a Woman's honour,
 Who scarce could hide it if upon-her ;
 Or rather in a Marry'd Life,
 A Cloak for some adult'rous Wife,
 Fit to beneath no Title pass,
 But Cuckold, Lap-Dog, Beau, or Afs :
 Altho' the Durgin is so short,
 As to become the Ladies sport,
 His peaceful Sword in length may vigh,
 With *Gaunt's* that does i'th' *Tow'r* ly ;
 And for his Wig tho' he's so small,
 Twould fit a Giant in *Guild-Hall*,
 And hangs so low beneath his Wits,
 That 'tis his Cusheon as he sits,
 And when he stands a foot it reaches,
 Below the VVastband of his Breeches,
 That sure no *Porcupine* when spightful,
 Can look so bristly, and so frightful :
 All Danger he abhors, and loves
 A Scuffle worse than dirty Gloves,
 But will as most Beau Cowards do,
 His Footmen to the mischief loo,
 But safe himself at distance stands,
 Looing his Dogs, and Clapping Hands,

So

So Dastards often Quarrels make,
 But of the Danger won't pertake,
 Knowing 'tis always good to keep-in
 Mem'ry, a whole Skin's best to sleep-in.
 Some Ladies on the Walks long since,
 Have spit in's face for's Impudence;
 The Itch being Cur'd by fasting Spittle,
 They thought 'twould Manners mend a little,
 But found the spightful application,
 Caus'd very little Alteration;
 So as we found him shall we leave,
 The flutt'ring Fop deminitive.

Beau *Lucifer* now play thy part,
 And show how big and Proud thou art;
 How Monstrous Tall, and fat thou'rt fed,
 How strong thy Back, how weak thy Head,
 What disproportion their remains,
 Between thy Tub of Guts and Brains;
 Thy Body's a Digesture, good
 For nought, but to dissolve thy Food:
 Upon thy Massy Trunk thy Head,
 For Ornament is only made,
 And as thou struts it fits the most
 Like a turn'd Nob upon a Post;
 Of ought, to which we can compare it,
 And is a lofty empty Garret,
 Thy Person, and thy Pride, are great
 But small thy Parts and thy Estate,
 And by thy Carriage art profest,
 A Country Lubber at the best.

H

Go

And

Go on, and show thy mighty Deeds,
 And how thy Courage most exceeds;
 Fright Country-people into Terrours,
 Kick Fidlers, and thy poor Inferiours;
 And when grown famous for this Sport,
 May all Mankind despise thee for't,
 Laugh at thy Folly, Pride, Ill nature,
 Who art, to thy own self a Satyr.

Beau *Finikin* next place supplies,
 Like all the rest, more Nice than Wise,
 No other Excellence professing,
 But in the Art of Modish Dressing,
 All things put on with so much neatness,
 He's the Sum-Total of Compleatness;
 So Formal that he cou'd not blame-one,
 To think him drest by Madam Sa'mon,
 And treads so stiff, you'd say the Creature,
 By Clock-work mov'd, and not by Nature.
 With Rich black Acres he's well stor'd,
 And lives as great as any Lord,
 For him the Pauper-Beaus oft Bully,
 And they as oft make him their Cully.

Beau *Humpty-dumpty* next appears,
 A merry Lump well grown in Years,
 With Back and Breast like *Punchanello*,
 But for his parts has not his fellow;
 This is a Crumpling of some Title,
 A Barronet, and thing of Mettle;
 But only does himself degrade,
 When Honour's Tax is to be paid,

And

And then to wisely saves his Purse,
 He's no more Barr'net than a Horse,
 Tho' most, two Titles do afford him,
 Not only Sir-him, but my Lord-him.

As for his Courage, Wit and Sence
 And every other Excellence,
 He's one of universal Knowledge,
 And deeper Learn'd then a whole College;
 Physician, Poet and Devine,
 Musician, Monster, Man and Swine,
 Banterer, Gamster, Sports-man, Drinker,
Comptroller ; nay, and sometimes Skinker,
 A Surgeon to a crippled Sow,
 Man-Midwife to a pregnant Cow,
 And in poor lab'ring Mules behalf,
 Brought forth a thumping lusty Calf,
 So like the Man that laid the Beast,
 About the Head, that some in Jest,
 Report from likeness of their Feature,
 He kiss'd the Cow, and got the Creature ;
 But notwithstanding all his Skill,
 A bloody Neighbour bent to kill,
 His Bore-Cat for some great Abuse,
 Committed by th' unhappy Puss,
 Sew'd up his fundamental Vent
 With Thred, and proper Instrument.
 Beau *Dumpty* hearing Puss make moan,
 Who mew'd, and took most sadly on ;
 Tho' learn'd, yet knowing not the matter,
 Physick'd the poor declining Creature,

Which

Which made the Patient worse, who grew
 At last so weak he could not Mew ;
 The Doctor grieving at the fate
 Of's Servant, Patient, and his Cat,
 He felt each Pulse, and search about,
 At last the hidden Cause found out,
 And eager of his Cat's relief,
 He tore the Stitches with his teeth,
 But such a sudden Show'r was sent,
 Of Urine, Pills and Excrement,
 Into the weeping Doctor's Face,
 That poltes'd up his Market-place ;
 The Doctor splutter'd, spawl'd and spew'd,
 Poor dying *Puss* thrice after mew'd :
 So left his Master to the wearing,
 Fop-like of each fair Ladies *Fairing*.

FINIS

Which